

MY MEMS.

"Thy will
Saviour! Thou
Haughty and
In self-dependence
Presuming, hard
Faith looking on the
Dark faults, sor,

A mourner
And holy
Oft have Thy
So bring me
Too soon they fail,
Then will Thou take the
Till weeping, fair I

be done." plenc19

willst me poor -
rich am I;
rich,

and high:
coming years dost see
failures, let to humble me.
Thy will be done!

must I be:

messengers
presence left
blessed tears:

And sin's hot-breath sweeps by
spot & shew it me
turn to hide in Thee:
Thy will be done!

"Thy will be done."

Saviour! Thou wilt - me poor. -

Haughty and rich am I;

I self-dependence, rich,

Presuming, hard and high: -

Faith, looking on the coming years, doth see
Dark faults, sore failures, let to humble me. -

Thy will be done!

A mourner must I be:

And holy messengers

Oft have Thy presence left

To bring me blessed tears:

Too soon they fail and sin's hot breath sweeps by:

Then will Thou take the spot and shew it me

Tell, weeping, fain I
Thy will be done!

Much wouldst Thou have thy child:-
 How little can I bear!

How seldom wait for Thee

Quiet within Thy care!

Though through provoking,
 Bid errors make me of
 Thy teach me to endure;
 myself less sure:
 will be done!

A hungry, thirsty one
 Must Thy disciple be;

And I so full,
 On Thy gifts
 leaving Thee!

But Thou wilt teach
 All lesser good, till
 Thou, my only stay!
 Thy will be done!

Merciful as Thou art! —

O how hard judgments rise!
O this censorious tongue,

Wil- discerning eyes! —

Yet this sweet mercy will my King impart,
If by no other way, e'en through the smart
Of pity withheld in my extremities:

Thy will be done!

Pure e'en in Thy pure eyes!

Single and free from guile;

O when shall these vain thoughts

Pure-rising, meet Thy smile?

E'en this thro' Christ is mine; tho' it should be
That first, through purging fires, Thou go with me,
Thy will be done!

Puiled by

How far

Oft striving

Exacting

The Prince of Peace!

from this my state.

for my own,

harsh, irate!

No peace is found in me, but Thou wilt come

And make this chaffing bosom Thy sweet home.

Thy will be done!

Thus I abide His time,

For hath the King not sworn

That all these shall be mine,

And will not He perform?

If under ways shall serve, such will Thou use,

But smite, if need be, I would not refuse.

Thy will be done!

I.

Worthy of later days, Rebecca, thou!
Of mind, thou dost anticipate the march
And yet mayst reckon followers in
The Church!
With well-pleased acquiescence dost thou
bow
And, climbing to an equal height
allow
That Wisdom wise, whose depths
thou seemst to search,
May, thou wouldst fain thyself
dispose the arch
Of God's high Providence: and yet
avow, —
Arranging circumstance with
subtle skill,
As tho' the end discerned, the
means thereto
were all included in thy
narrow view, —
But one desire, His counsel
to fulfil.
Not thus His will is done: They serve Him best
Who wait His motions — in His working, rest!

p6cm19

II. (The Virgin Mary.)

ptcm19
A Parable.

A father, who his sons would send
To goal remote for weighty end,
First call'd, & bound on each the load
Whose conduct safe upon the road
Was their chief care: on each that share
His strength just fitted him to bear.

At first scarce noting that they bore,
Anon the burden presses sore
Upon the weaker of the two.

The father, wise, had out of view
Bound on their backs the load;

now he
Doth bring it round, its bulk to see;
Then in his hands doth poise, & sigh,
And to his comrade doleous cry,

P8cm19
My brother, do but feel the weight,
How walk sustaining such a freight,
Now, brother, let me ease on thee
But one end of my pack, so we
May go with equal pace. -

Agreed;
But ever tardier proves their speed:
Uneven steps, ill-balance'd weight,
Doubles for each his former
Freight. -

Good brother couldst thou bear
The whole!

I know thee strong, a valiant soul,
And I so weak! full sweet it were
Thus onward in thy strength to ~~go~~
fare!

pg cm c19

Forgetting that he bears behind
The brother yields, ere long to find
A wisdom surer than his own
Had given a burden which alone
Was all his strength could well sustain:-

Nay, thou must take my pack again,
It is too much; & why shouldst thou
So free, whilst I twice burden'd, bro?
Whereat his brother plains & frets,
But still to take his load forgets.-

I thought thou lov'dst me; now

I know

Thy fondness but a treach'rous
Show! -

Thus hearts divided, thenceforth
They

pg cm c19

Fall out and strive upon
The way!

All other burdens men may
Share,

And brother, kind, for brother
Bear;

Heath Self, must each soul
Go alone! -

Nor for this isolation moan,
Nor pity thee, that none may know

Thy craving Self's peculiar woe:

Bear it an unregarded weight,
With onward steps, eyes

Steadfast, straight;

And lo! forgot, it disappears, it,

P110M19

This burden that oppress'd thy
 years!
 Another, tenderer Yoke is
 laid,
 Whose heaviness is all o'er-
 paid
 By the sweet sense of service
 given;
 Bearing, thou mov'st e'en
 now, in heaven!

the

P120M19

Sloth

Whence is it that amongst all
 The lusts that could enthrall
 You Bible Worthies to so hapless fall,
 Sloth shews not first,
 Hell-frame accurst,
 Where every pestilent root of ill is nurs'd?
 Who slips, must erst have stood,
 Have made his foethold good,
 Have risen & kept him up, ere fall he could.
 But who lies prone,
 Seech toils unknown,
 May comfort him, - lapse for him is there none,
 Fullcum of ill-doing is, leaving undone:
 Had saints of old been fain in sloth to sit
 The story of their days were not yet writ,

p13cm19

"Increase our Faith"

A cord there is, wh. heaven doth use to bind
Two lives in one: with such considerable
care

In fixing each to each, that thus
They grow,
The two, one higher being: the
Strength of each
So strengthen'd is; the beauty,
Beautified;
While the thin places in each
Character,
Pieced & sustain'd by strong
parts in the other,
Do safely so endure the wear of
Life.

p14cm19

Of three bright-dipping strands
This cord is spun:
Two, from a heavenly wheel, are
Straight run out;
While from his substance man
The third doth fetch,
Just as some spider draws
wherewith to make
Her web from her own body:
yet is this
A heavenly product like the other
twain,
But-dipping from them, in
that from the first
'Twas lodged in man's bosom:
or less or more,

p15cm c19

According to the will that draws upon

This is his part to take & wind with those
In true strength invincible. Should he
fail,

Or draw with niggard or uncertain hand,
The other two, still running out to seek
Full measure of this third where with
to twine

Knotted & tangled grow, & fret the lives
With many a let & hindrance, they
had else

Bound in fair symmetry &
entire strength.

Imight and Love and Trust, - of
this it is spun -

p16cm c19

That threefold cord, not to be
broken soon.

No bidding of the will may
Summon love,

And not of duly noted acts & words
Comes the perception of another's being.
As little of ourselves are these as moods
Of gloom & gladness born of
Changes wrought

In the quick face of Nature.
Too much we think

To keep ourselves, the while
"our Auctor holds

"Our spirits all responsive meath
His touch."

p17cmc19

And plays upon them with His
winds & light

And subtle influences in the air,
And mystic sympathies with men &
things -

All in our eyes too light for passing thought -
Which yet do mould us into that we are.
But tho our bliss or woe come not of us,
Receptive power is lodged in every breast.
All may reject or take, & this it is
That rules the differing pitch of human
lives:

Open thy being wide - it shall
be filled;
Suspicious, guard all inlets -
Sadly to prove

p18cmc19

The aching hunger of the proud
of heart.

According to thy faith, the
friend thou know'st:
According to thy faith, ^{thou} shall
^{find'st} ~~prove~~ thy God!

p19cm19
"A Man of Sorrows"

O soul, & whence is this to thee,
Wouldst know if so great marvel be,
That Jesus Christ sh^d condescend
To dwell thy close abiding Friend?

Ask not alone of precious moods,
When peace & healing shadow broods,
And meekness, love & patience sit,
Disciples at those wounded feet.

If Christ doth truly dwell in thee,
Uneasy Inmate will He be:
A heavy Presence, sighing, sad,
Shall oft defy thee to make glad.

p20cm19
With any joy that sense can bring,
In vain thou stir'st thy heart to sing,
As tho' no care oppress'd thy state;
A Man of Sorrows, He doth wait

plaint
Till thou be moved to hear His
Till thou perceive it is thy taint,
The plague-spot of an alien heart,
That moves Him to so sad a part!

thine
And then—ah, when, His grief made
When penitence, sharp grace divine,
Doth the corrupting spot alone
In tears, all His, and yet thine own,

Thy springing heart, a child's again,
Forgetting all the former pain,
Is joined with the temper'd mirth
Of souls new-wash'd to their new birth.

Peace -

I.

Small boon is leisure in these restless
days:

Nather we crave that every moment find
Unstayed weariness of limbs + mind,
Kind weariness that e'en unrest obeys!
For oh, how life on our tense spirits weighs
In heavy pauses, for our ease assign'd,
When needful occupation lays behind
And choosing its own paths, the spirit
strays!

Aching + longing, quivering with unrest,
For wh. the moment forin shows cause ^{infect} ^{name}
Friends trust us not enough, or care
Or our own evil preeves, or wrongs inflame ^{eyes}!
The cause is one: at issue still with
The soul seeks ease in cries - its peace
through strife!

II

Peace and good will! glory
and peace! Sweet Peace!
A grateful cadence falls on
quiet soul
As liquid play of oar on
waters cool:
And life's long straining and
endeavour cease.
From turbulent desire comes
release.
And restless thought is under
perfect-rule,
Sitting, meek scholar in the
Master's school,
In hope that to the meek
shall scope increase -
He shall not strive, nor cry,
nor in the street,
For any due of his, shall lift
His voice:
But One among the sons of men
is meet
For the mild flow of his praise:
rejoice
When cries are hush'd in thee, strife at an end
The King holds court within - O soul, attend!

I. p23cmc19
On a face painted by
Guido - ^(best of Paris beauty)

A face to stir

The painfullest pulses of a common nature,
Even as one strangely, utterly degraded
Wakens the sleeping brother in the breast
Of chance beholder. In that lower face
All downward drawings triumph; to
purpose

Sure that mouth ne'er was set; for
good or ill;

No effort to lead life to any issue
Has left its former lines: too poor
a soul

To see the good, too slow a will to
grasp -

The flesh a strong man arm'd
has risen to rule!

p24cmc19
But carry up your gaze. - The
face is living! -
A life more obvious in its functions,
quick,
Thom bodied being knows: the eye
discerns,

Transfixed with amazement, a
passing change;
You see her grow! - Her old self
passes forth

Still & unmark'd as dying
night steals out -
Before the day; the face that
erst so pained
Glides the eye that, wondering,
would recall;

That poor soul feels; and a
 new Life received
 Down through her eyes so
 insatiate in their gaze
 Toth quicken her! And O
 with what a power!
 What depth of abnegation,
 height of praise,
 Reach of discerning thought,
 adoring love,
 What power to do or bear His
 utmost will
 In suffering or in service, speak
Those eyes!

II

The Better Part,

Once a little child, he pondered
 with wide eyes on life's strange ways,
 seeing, noting, learning, wondering,
 full of marvels were those days.
 Found he time for pain & gladness,
 even & freedom so had their part;
 Only Self had not obtained
 yet the high place in his heart.

This we know, tho' mute the story,
 This is true of us & him. —
 Next we see him stretch'd in
 anguish, aching brow & tortured limb,
 And the anguish all deserved,
 from his own mouth judge his case,
 Law defied & life despised, where
 for mercy is there place?

Could we know the thoughts that
 wrought him in those hours upon the tree,
 Cursed he the day that gave him life
 for sin & misery?

Circumstances strong against him
 pitiless he his own fall?
 Is all ordered in his favour
 does remorseful fear appal?

What the present awful anguish
 dull'd his sense to all beside?
 From the terrors of the judgment
 would his cowering spirit hide?
 As a child again, he ponders
 thoughts where Self has no concern;
 Mid the agonies of dying, he
 doth wonder, mark & learn!

Self is powerless to engage him
 while that Other hangeth near;
 All his soul is lost in worship;
 Love discerning swallows fear.
 Not his own life, but that Other
 passes him in swift review;
 Such a Life & such a Dying! -
 Even his Kingship must be true!

Then his own need comes before him -
 "In Thy Kingdom think on me!"
 In the Kingdom of the child-like
 has he shewn himself to be.
 By no strange, sovereign act of
 mercy does his Lord accept that prayer,
 But according to His promise that
all child-souls shall be there!

Self-consciousness.

Alas, sweet-souls, ye fell! but
 not so low,
 Ah, not so low as we! Abashed
 are ye
 Where God was all, a separate
 self to see;
 And, naked, conscious souls
 ingenious so
 To hide yourselves for shame!
 Your Fall's worst-woe—
 Perpetual sense of I—inheritance:
 Our child-souls quit their para-
 -dise to be
 Trill in a fall'n estate, that day
 they know
 Themselves for entities, with
 passions, parts:
 But, Oh, the difference! ye who
 did dwell
 In th' light of God, see from what
 height ye fell,

And shun the recreant Self
 that filch'd your hearts.
 No gracious shame in us: com-
 -pleasant thought,
 As proud or pitiful, is Ego
 fraught!

p31cm19

The ground is cursed for
man's sake; Thorns & Thistles
it is to bring forth to him
on purpose that he may
not yield to that slavish
self-indulgent nature
into wh. he has fallen.

Serm. on the Deluge -
How is the appearance of the
rainbow, or the pledge wh. it -
is said to give, made dependent
upon any good or evil act of
of the creature who looks
upon it? And yet this is
called a covenant; it is
the first occasion on wh.

p32cm19

we meet with the phrase;
By the use of it here we must
in a great measure determine
what is the use of it everywhere
else. - - A Being who is
the object of our trust, upon
whom we absolutely depend, is
not one whom we can ever
think of as trafficking
with us. Abram.

p33cm19

Books -

VII 1

36 Arthur St.

H.V.1

cmc 19

26

p34cm19

Mrs Blaemires - 22

Mrs Saville - 14

Mrs Lapp 10

Mrs Wilson. 8.

books -

Greenwood 1? books

444

Mrs Bentley 6 H.V. Ch.

Mrs Reddough 5

Mrs Hastings 4 Dr. Ch.

18, Mrs Booth -

29

Mrs Cottle